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THE REFLECTOR.

[From the Christian Register.]
TO AN OLD FAMILY BIBLE.

Sacred and revered register of God's revelations to man! With what peculiar and solemn interest do I turn thy pages. Thou wert the Bible of my ancestors—their guiding star through the wilderness of this world, their "pillar of cloud" in the day of prosperity, and their "pillar of fire" in the night of adversity. Of how many fervent prayers, and heavenward aspirations, and virtuous resolves, and penitential sighs hast thou been the witness. When "lover and friend were put far from them," when "father and mother forsook," when "they mourned and could not be elsewhere comforted, because their children were not," then they came to thee and found that peace "which the world cannot give and which the world cannot take away," that "hope which is an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast," that "rest which remains to the people of God." It was from thy pages my infant lips were taught to lisp "Our Father who art in Heaven." I can perfectly recall the serious yet mild expression of my grandmother's countenance, as she called me to her side and bade me read this passage, "suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Thou wast her guide and counsellor through life, her support in death, and her dying bequest to my mother. "Take this, my child," said she, "and follow me so far as I have followed its directions." The parting injunction was faithfully obeyed; often would our mother gather us round her, and with the simple, impressive earnestness of piety, and the anxious solicitude of maternal affection, explain to us the spirit and meaning of thy precepts and doctrines; but her example was a yet more beautiful and impressive illustration of them. She too has "passed through the valley of the shadow of death," which was illumined for her by thy cheering and sustaining light. Thou still survivest, though thy material form, like theirs, is crumbling to decay, but thy spirit is immortal. Thy light is continually shining brighter and brighter; it has guided and cheered myriads of human beings, and it will guide and cheer myriads more; it is undecaying and unquenchable, for it is a direct emanation from the Fountain of Light himself, and like Him is eternal.

[From the Dover Gazette.]

AUTUMN.

There is a pleasing melancholy in viewing the approach of Autumn, which all the bright coloring of Spring, and the rich profusion of Summer cannot produce. How quick the transition from Summer's scorching heat to the rude and faded glory of Autumn! The fields are stripped of their verdant covering, the trees are strewing the ground with their leafy honors, the primrose and the hawthorn blossom in the hedges no more. Their fragrance is departed, their leaves are withered and fallen. Even the feathered songsters of the grove feel that all nature is fading and dying around them; they bid farewell to their favored haunts and depart to a more congenial clime.

Dissolution like a flood comes sweeping over the face of the earth; frost binds it in heavy chains, and on every side are seen the harbingers of approaching Winter. A few months since and the joyful carol of the first bird of Spring saluted our ears, the pearly dew was sparkling in the sunshine of an April morning, and the air was perfumed with the fragrance of flowers; to these succeeded the maturing heat of a meridian sun, and now the strength of nature is spent, the sun is gradually withdrawing his vivifying rays, and the cold blast of Autumn is followed by inactivity, torpor, and death. The vintage and the gathering of fruits belong to this season of the year, and nature pours all her annual bounties into the lap of man.

THE REPOSITORY.

RILEY GRAVE-STONES.
A DERBYSHIRE STORY.

All living things, save man, foresaw and fled—
Afar the wild bird fled its summer haunts—
Afar the bee fled from the honey bloom—
Afar the wild-deer fled their wonted lairs—
Afar the rooks flew from their pine-tree tops—
Afar the wild-doves fled, and farther still
The wild-swan sail'd away on shuddering wings—
The ox low'd loud, nor tasted the rich grass
And from the midnight hearth the household dog
How'd long and deep a melancholy howl:
But man stirr'd not. Sad signs came next;
The stars
One summer night rain'd all the vale with fire;
The silver ash-keys hung with drops of blood;
Red blood, not dew, fill'd Eyam's violet bells;
Earth shook, and bubbled up red bells of blood;
And two grim ravens came to our church tower,
Chas'd off the preacher's snow white doves,
Nor sought
They food, but, stretching out their sooty necks
And pointing down their beaks, sat and conferr'd
About the people passing by—they seem'd
To croak of coming corpses.

The Plague of Eyam.

The story you wish me to tell is one of sorrow, and the time when it happened is long gone by. These hills, now so thin and white, were then black and glossy; those whom I then loved have dropped away one by one, from my side; and as much as chaff represents corn, so do my years of eighty-and-eight represent blithe and buoyant eighteen. Some seventy years ago it happened, towards sunrise, on an autumn morning, that I found myself, after traversing several miles of brown moor, at the entrance of one of the deep, wild, and romantic dells or dells of Derbyshire. An entrance between two rocks conducted me into a kind of rude hall, which, rising pillar over pillar, presented to fancy the rudiments of architecture, roughly hewn by Nature from her everlasting rocks. The floor was bedded with grass, and sprinkled with flowers; while the rocky walls, gray, and sending from their seams and joints thousands of shrubs and flowers ascended many feet, and bending over like a dome, left a space which the ingenuity of man had formerly supplied with a window. Through this rude aperture, the sky, now coloring fast with the morning light was seen overhead, while the flowers and shrubs, desirous of light and heat, directed their heads towards the opening, and some of them, climbing through, waved dewy and green from the summit. An opening, or door, overlooked the beautiful dell below, into which a zigzag pathway—more the labor of nature than of man, descended abruptly; and down in the bottom I heard the splash and gurgle of a small brooklet, or spring, which dropped from the walls of rock through a thousand fissures.

Before I descended by this rude pathway into the dell, I turned to look on the natural temple, or church, of rock. The walls bore token to many vicissitudes of occupation—the haunt of birds of prey—of robbers—of anchorites—of outlaws—perhaps of bold and romantic Robin Hood—of lovers' meetings—of a burial ground, and a church. Here were bended bows, and cloth-yard arrows, and flying deer, carved—the names of lover and maiden—the sign of the cross—a kneeling hermit—inscriptions recording those hurried by violence to the grave, or carried by the fullness of years; the rude outline of a skull above, and of an hour glass below, sufficiently intimated their original purpose. Above this, and placed between two of the pillars, a kind of pulpit projected, and seemed still frequented from devotion or curiosity, for its notched pathway was marked by recent feet. Over one of its corners hung a chaplet of flowers, fresh pulled, and moist with morning dew; and below I could perceive where some one had lately knelt, for the grass was still bruised down; early as my coming was, visitors had been there before me.

While I stood looking on the chaplet, I heard a voice, slow and prolonged, coming from the dell below. It seemed the feeble and tremulous voice of old age, and scarcely made its way above the rocky barrier with which the place was bounded. To this another voice was presently added—gentle, and sweet, and piercing; it seemed the note of sixteen mingling with that of seventy. I glided forward, and looked down into the bosom of the dell. For some time I saw nothing, save a slender stream, winding and shining like a serpent among the grass and flowers—the upright and light gray walls which hemmed in, from

the upland waste, this romantic nook—and a raven, large and old, seated on an opposite crag, watching with an outstretched neck, something which it marked for prey below. I took another step, and stood on a projecting ledge, which overhung the dell, and there I saw below me an old man—his head white with age as the driven snow, seated beside a small fountain, which, descending like a thread of silver from the upper rock, filled and embellished a basin of hewn stone, and then, escaping into the little brooklet, marked out its way with a moisture and livelier green. He was tall and straight; labor and old age had failed in pulling down the external elegance of a frame once sinewy and strong—the dust of the way was on his shoes—a staff and crust of bread lay beside him—he was silent, and seemed about to busy himself in private devotion—his hands were, closely clasped, and his eyes were cast on a small mound that might be a grave, by the side of the fountain. A fair-haired girl sat beside him, her hands clasped, and her looks directed to the little mound—her feet, her arms, and her head, were bare; and a flat hat of plaited straw, bound with green ribbon, which lay at her feet, seemed all the charms of dress which this Derbyshire maiden had called in to the aid of a form full of beauty, and swelling into womanhood. They sat silent for a little space, and then I heard the old man say, "Anna, my love, the stream runs fair and pure—the grass grows green and long—and the flowers which grow on that grave are as ripe and as full blown as they were when, sixty years ago, I nursed them, and watered them, and bade them flourish. Man has spared this hallowed nook—cattle have not profaned Eyam Dell by browsing on the sod where I have dropt many a tear; even the little birds build not their nests in the bushes; but, with a slow wing, and a softened song, seem to lament with me. To thee, my love, it may seem strange, that thin hairs, and a frame which a few years must soon take to the grave, should seek to recall the joys and the passions of youth, and that the bosom of eighty should still throb like that of seventeen. But as my love is not like the love of other men, neither did I love her as other men do—I lost her not by my own folly, or the folly of others—by the fickleness of woman's heart, nor by the falsehood of friends—nor did death take her away as other maidens have been taken, fading slowly by day, and withering slowly by night, like a flower on its stalk. I left her at even, lovely and laughing among the maidens of Eyam, and next even I found her silent and lifeless as that flower is which thou holdest in thy hand; the breath of heaven had passed from between her lips; and her kindred had perished with her—for the Angel of the Lord passed through Eyam, and smote of her sons and of her daughters two hundred forty and seven."

"Grandfather," said the maiden, gazing on the old man's face, with a look which wished to wile him from his mood, "shall I sing one of the mournful old ballads which you love, and which I so often sing when melancholy thoughts are with you?" "Sing, child, I pray thee," said the old man; "there is devotion in a mournful song—it takes man's mind away from the vanities of the world, and presents to his eye pathetic images which lift his thoughts above; sing, I pray thee; and let thy song be thy mother's ballad of Eyam banks—a thousand times have her lips chanted it to me—and thy voice, Anna, is like thy mother's." In a sweet, low, and an artless way, the girl sang her mother's song: the old man placed his face between the palms of his hands, and I heard him sob as the verses passed—and the raven, which still retained its station on the cliff, looked more earnestly down; for the song spoke more of the dead than of the living.

Before the sound of the girl's voice had ceased, the old man knelt down over the little mound, which he had strewed thick with flowers; and, laying his white head on the sod, I heard him pray with a low, a faltering, and an earnest voice, that, before the winds of another spring, or the flowers of another summer, passed away, he might be covered with the same sod which covered the dust of her whom he had loved in his youth. His granddaughter knelt beside him; and, stooping till her shining and curling tresses mingled with his, and laying her arm around his neck, and her cheek to his, I heard her say, "O! father! father! for what father have I but you?—be moderate in your woe: my blessed parent, for whom you mourn, cannot wish you by her side above, till you have seen her child's

child safely through the perils of her maiden days. I am young; and whom have I in the world to counsel me, and guide my steps aright, save you?" The old man arose, kissed his child, and blessed her; and as his shrivelled and palsied hands lay among the glittering ringlets of her hair, I thought I never beheld a maiden so saint-like and so beautiful. In this posture they remained some time: at length she gently moved his hand, and said, "Be calm, my father; be calm—thy love is not like the love of other men; and men are coming, who will only mock thee for remembering with sorrow, after sixty years, the beloved one of thy youth. Even now I hear the sound of coming tongues—the pleasant generation of the land are coming to hang their customary chaplets on the altar of Mompessan's church; and like all those with hearts set on good cheer, they will make the memorable day, on which the fatal plague of Eyam came, into a holy-day. The old man resumed his seat, locked his hands together, and, looking on the grave before him, sat as mute and motionless as the rocks around. His granddaughter gathered up her tresses, and confined them beneath her homely bonnet—trimmed her dress, which travel and devotion had somewhat disordered, and looking on one side, and then on the other, adjusted, at each glance, a fold of her mantle, or a displaced ribbon—and with that regard for personal appearance, which I never wish a woman to be too devoted to forget, she prepared for the coming of the merry people of Eyam.

To a sound such as the maiden had heard, I now turned my attention—it was yet remote, and the beauty of the morning made me forget all else for a time. The sun had now risen; and hill, and rock, and stream, acknowledged his presence with a glow nearly rivaling the deep blue splendor of heaven, flushed all over with a flickered radiance, which kept gushing in long quivering streams from the visible fountain of light. The cattle rose from the grass, and shook the morning dew from their sides; the shepherd's dog barked loudly for joy, ran round and round the sunny knoll tops, and made many a circle, of which its master was the centre; while the farm-house cock as he led his train to the stubble field, stooped ever as he went, and, with a hearty cottage-rousing crow, sought rather to tell the world that he, in all the majesty of spurs and double comb, was gone abroad, than to summon man to the reaphook and scythe. On a morning such as this, with the air still, and fragrant with clover-balm and rural sounds of a pleasant sort awakening on every side, it seemed much less difficult to be blithe than sad; a man could hardly look God's sun in the face and be sorrowful—and, doubtless, in conformity to the laughing look of the eastern sky, the people came forth to hold holy-day among their romantic dells.

I love the jovial and enjoying dispositions of the good people of old England, who interpret every thing in favor of mirth and good fellowship;—the martyrdom of a saint—the commencement of war—coming crying into the world, or going cold out of it—the bridal or the burial—all are alike harbingers of joy, and come with healing on their wings—come to be embalmed in the smoke of the feast, and to reel amid the purple glories of the vintage. "Better come at the back of a burial than the beginning of a bridal," says the pithy proverb, which points out the times of good cheer—and I am far from being partial to self mortification and penance. I love an event which throws the shadow of mirth and good living before it; a worship which casts down the venerable gods of the wine-press and the larder, is not for me—I am a lover of superstitious meats and drinks, and I care not who knows it. Now this happened to be the morning of a day memorable in the calendar of calamities—the period when the plague broke in among the good people of Eyam; but the lapse of time—the death of almost all who survived it—the natural wish of man to be merry—and the agreeable sense in which a holy-day is ever accepted by the multitude of the rich as well as the ragged—let loose, upon hill and vale, many of those buoyant and vagrant spirits who can pick an hour of pleasure out of any event.

The sound of their approach, which a little woody glen or dingle had partly subdued for a time, now increased more and more—a general hum, like the sound of bees swarming, first became audible—then laughter, faint at first, but swelling out, and augmenting; more

and more, succeeded—and finally a female squeal, uttered in the fullness of joy, told me that the plague of Eyam had provided enjoyments of many kinds, for the descendants of those it had spared, equal to any of the most gracious saint of the calendar. I stood on a little knoll, to see from whom this merriment came. Along the side of the dell, where the green sward joined the moorland, stood many upright grave-stones—not in rank succeeding rank, like the memorials in a well-marshalled churchyard, but scattered about at random—marking out the places where the victims of the pest were buried. Here some of the youths and maidens of the district had assembled; and having first, as if in mockery of the old sorrowful rite, showered the graves with flowers and garlands, they began to chase each other with many a laugh, and shriek, and halloo among the tombs, till the dell and its rocks murmured with the din. Some of the more staid and sedate seated themselves on the grass along the brow of the dell at a little distance from the graves—and their numbers were increased, first, by maidens who retired to breathe and bind up their disordered hair; and then by youths, who followed to seat themselves by their side, and have some private converse with them on the grass.

Some of the motives for this singular festival I learned from the chance-conversation of the peasants, who collecting into several groups, spread cloths on the grass, and, heaping them high with breakfast dainties, began, with clasp knives and sharp teeth, to attack whole hills of bread and beef, and make them subside before them. "Come, lay about you, neighbor," said a rustic, making his own knife, as he spoke, go in rapid circles round the thigh bone of a sheep—while his left hand carried an incessant supply of bread and mutton to his mouth, in the manner of a man feeding a thrashing mill; "Come, neighbor Brummel, carve and cram's the word. The new enclosure act will make this the last holy-day we shall ever hold among the Riley grave-stones—the corn will be cheap when church-yards are tilled by act of parliament," and he applied the bone to his mouth, and kept turning it with both hands, making a seam of sharp long teeth revolve round, and almost penetrate the solid bone.

"I'll tell ye what, Emanuel," said Brummel, laying an empty ale-bottle aside, and removing a handful of foam from his lips; "I'll tell ye what—the church-yard worm is the fat worm—and the church-yard tree is the tall tree; and long and beautiful will the corn-swathe grow above the graves—and handsome will it look, and do more for man's body than a whole kingdom of grave-stones. It's a kind act of parliament that redeems food from the deep & hungry grave. And, now I think on't I will pave my barn-floor with these barren memorials, and lay the lettered side up, that my thrashers may have a lesson. I am well known as an encourager of learning in the parish;—and taking up another bottle, and laying himself back, he caused its contents to descend gently into his mouth—enjoying his favorite beverage drop by drop. "Wisely spoken, neighbor Emanuel," said a third rustic—"though I'm not sure but I shall raise some small sort of claim myself to one or two of these dainty bits of hewn stone—my hall door and hearth are as likely to be listened to as your barn-floor, for my cousin of Gripengain is one of the commissioners. What, man! shall nobody follow behind the parliamentary plough, and pick up paving-stones, but yourself?" "Plague spot thee from the crown of the head to the buckle in thy shoe, for a sordid knave, Job Giles," said a peasant beside him, interrupting his speech by a long draught of ale—"plague spot thee, say I: may I be doomed to dig deeper for lead than Eldendole, and tickle the soles of the antipodes before I reach it, if ye don't deserve to be turned into one of the links of our bucket chain, and go up and down the bowels of the earth now and forevermore, amen.—What! would ye cast down Riley grave-stones, and pass the plough over your mother's breast bone; and reap the corn, and eat of the bread that was nourished out of her dust? May the plough that disturbs these graves, plough up the sleeping plague too: it will be busy on earth when I am deep below. The plague will be a plague of small taste that pursues a poor miner three hundred fathoms down, while there are so many corrupt gentlemen in the country."

A young woman sat apart, with a little boy on her knee, looking at the grave-stones. "And are the stones to be broken, and the field of death to be

"ploughed?" she said: "I have heard my mother say that the priest of Eyam, when he laid the last victim of the pest in the grave, exclaimed, 'Behold the last whom the Lord will claim, and in his grave I bury the plague for a season: but whose disturbs death's charnel-house—whose goes down into the dwelling of dust—assuredly he shall be stricken through as with a sword, and the pest shall be loosed again on Eyam, and all her sons and daughters shall be devoured.'" "It is all truth, ye speak, Alice," said one of her female companions; "for often have I heard my father repeat Mompessan's warning. He heard it uttered himself when there were scarcely egow of the living to bury the dead. And in token of its truth, two of Giles Gorton's horses—one of them a gallant gray that bore his eldest daughter Bell when she was married—and a sorrowful marriage she made of it—the horses, as I tell ye, broke loose on a time, and ate the long grass off these graves, and they went mad, that's certain—and came home foaming, and sweating sweat of blood, and tore one another and died. Its true, I tell ye—and I would not be the man who ploughs up Riley graves for the lordship of Chatsworth—and that's a word."—"Troth, and its all too true," said another of the village dames; "I'll warrant ye have all heard of Glype Glanvil, the pedler—a good packman and a keen one. He would not sleep in the public house, for that would cost him money; he would not lie at the farmer's hearth, lest he should have to give ribbons to the lasses: but he would lie beneath the bonnie moon on a fine summer night—and he laid his head on one of the Riley graves, and asleep fell he. But he had a doleful wakening, and ran wild into Eyam in the mid hour of night—I think I hear his yells yet, and see the delicious man—for the plague had sprung out of the grave—and I doubt not, for the scripture says 'trouble springs'—I forget what scripture says—but that neither mars nor makes my story. He was spotted like a leopard, and he died of the pest: and that's as true as malt makes ale, and lips like it." An ancient dame, with a staff in her hand, had tottered out after her friends, and for no sedate purpose than to partake, as far as the infirmities of seventy-seven years would permit, of the holy-day pastime. "Ah!" she said, striking her staff into the ground before her, as she sat down, "here sits one who can vow to and avouch every word ye have uttered, and many more. Have ye never heard how in the year of grace ninety-and-eight—many, many years after the calamity came upon us—that one who feared not God—a man who lived by the strong and the cunning hand, came and dug into one of the graves at dark midnight, for the love of lucre? What sought he, think ye, but the gold ring from the finger of the fair Prudence Rolfe—and what, think ye, he saw there when he bared the earth away? A lady laid out in her bridal weeds—in her damask silks and satins. The foul worms of the earth had touched her not, the undying spirit of the strong pest had preserved her strangely. He touched her finger, and the plague touched him; and his body soon helped to fill the hole his avarice had dug; so let men take warning: the corn blade which springs from these graves will pierce ye as with a poisoned sword; and each corn-pipe will be a passage by which the plague will ascend from the grave into the world."

FOREIGN.

We are indebted to the Editor of the Boston Centinel for the following information, which is copied and collated from the latest European papers:

RUSSIAN AFFAIRS.

Paris, Sept. 14. Reports are circulated of an approaching war between Russia and Persia. In fact, it is asserted, that the Russian General Yermoloff, who commands on the frontier, has announced that the Persians had made a predatory excursion into the Imperial territories; and that the Emperor Nicholas had issued prompt and spirited orders to drive them back again, and to demand satisfaction of the Shah of Persia. It is known that in June the Persian monarch visited his camp near Tauris; that his son, Prince Abbas Mirza, was at the head of a formidable force on the Urales; and that two other large bodies of troops had been collected near the frontier. It is added, that the Shah has announced his determination to make an effort to recover by force of arms, the beautiful provinces of Aghistan, Cherman, and others, which have been wrested from him by Russia at various times within the last 40 years.

CORONATION OF THE EMPEROR, &c.

Moscow, Aug. 23, old style. (Sept. 4.) Yesterday the august ceremony of the Coronation of their Imperial Majesties took place in Kremlin, agreeably to the promulgated programme. The procession was unusually magnificent, and the martial array most brilliant. His Majesty was supported by the Grand Duke Constantine, on his right, and the Grand Duke Michael on his left, surrounded by his staff officers and Aids, all in rich uniforms. The Imperial can-

opy was borne by the Chamberlains of the Court; and the crown was intirely covered with diamonds. [The details of the Procession, the ceremonies of Coronation, Consecration, Anointing, and Benediction, occupy several columns of the official paper, and would exceed any room we have for them.] The Chapel of the Kremlin being small, and principally filled by the throne, altar, &c., only about 500 personages could view the ceremonies; but they composed the great dignitaries of the Empire, the Foreign Ambassadors, and Princes.—The whole assembly were most gorgeously arrayed; and the British Duke of Devonshire, and his cortege, made a commanding show. The Ambassador was accompanied by Lord Morpeth, Lord William Russell, Messrs. Cavendish, Grosvenor, &c. &c. In the evening the whole city was a blaze of illumination, in the centre of which the Kremlin displayed a brilliancy not easily described.

[Extract from a private letter.]

Moscow, Sept. 5. Leaving these commercial matters, let me tell you something about the Coronation of the Emperor Nicholas, which was performed with all the pomp and ceremony which custom has established here, on Sunday last, the 3d inst., but the 22d August, of their style. It took place, according to usage, within the Kremlin, where, unfortunately, the space is too limited to admit of an adequate display, so that, in the procession, all the persons were huddled together, and the effect was trifling and displeasing. It was far inferior in splendor to the procession from Westminster Hall, for there was a want here of variety and magnificence in the dresses of the men, the only brilliant part being in the military uniform of the Generals and the Emperor's Aides de Camp, whose rich embroidered coats, glittering with gold and silver contrasted oddly with the habit bourgeois, the plain blue or dingy grey, of the mayors of towns, and chiefs of the different trades, "the unwashed artificers," who, with long beards, took their places in the procession, to which, by old custom, they were entitled. But, assuredly, by much the most striking part of the whole affair, was the presence of the Grand Duke Constantine, the elder brother, who has renounced his birthright, and acted here as an attendant, bestowing instead of receiving homage. One could not help asking whether it was philosophy or folly that occasioned this relinquishment of empire. He walked on the right hand of the Emperor; the other brother, the Grand Duke Michael, being on his left; both of them being a few feet in advance of the canopy, a very gorgeous affair, which was borne over the Emperor's head by his chamberlains. The Crown was entirely composed of diamonds.

None of the Ambassadors joined in the procession, but all of them were present in the Church, which is so small that it could not contain more than 400 or 500 persons. The Duke of Devonshire, who looked remarkably well in his diplomatic dress, was accompanied by Lord Morpeth, Lord W. Russell, Mr. Grosvenor, Mr. Cavendish, Mr. Townshend, and Sir Alexander Mallet. Several more English were outside the Church as spectators; and, among others, there were pointed out to me Lord W. Montague, Lord Stormont, and the Hon. Mr. Talbot. The day was exceedingly fine, and nothing whatever occurred to lessen in the slightest degree, the general joy.

In the evening a general illumination took place, and the towers and the walls of the Kremlin were wholly covered with lamps, so that all their forms and angles were distinctly seen at an immense distance, and the prodigious blaze of light which played around the domes and minarets, seemed to be a realization of the delightful imaginings—the visionary descriptions of the tales in the Arabian Nights.

London, Sept. 22. It is stated in an article from Moscow, that the arrival of the Grand Duke Constantine in that city was wholly unexpected. The Emperor, we are told, considered it too delicate an affair to send a specific invitation to his brother; but left it to his own feelings whether to be present or not at the coronation. The decision taken by the Grand Duke was certainly well judged; for, by assisting at a solemn ceremony, which ratified, as it were, in the assembled presence of the Russian people, his own abdication of the Imperial Crown, he at once shewed the sincerity and the voluntary character of that memorable act. In the account referred to, it is added, that Constantine renewed, personally, his oath of fidelity to Nicholas, when admitted to his presence.

TURKISH AND GREEK AFFAIRS.

Paris, Sept. 14. Advices from diplomatic sources in Constantinople to nearly the middle of August, inform, that the discontent of the old Turks at the great changes made and making by their energetic Sultan, although not extinct, was much decreased; but that many of the rich and timid Mussulmen were desirous of removing from the capital.—That a considerable number of coffee-houses, (all of which had been closed, and which being over 12,000 in number had given bread to 50 or 60,000 persons,) had been opened, in the districts

where tranquillity appeared fully established. That the Sultan continued very active, visiting the parades of his new troops, and assisting personally in their manoeuvres; sometimes appearing in the European uniform; and always wearing the choubart, (military bonnet,) in preference to the turban; at one time joining in the exercise of the gallics; at others assuming the dress of the Mamelukes, and exercising with the pistol, and the lance, instead of the bow.—That he held frequent Councils with his Divan; and inspected in person the parks of Artillery, and all the military departments.—That some new regulation was almost daily made, which the Europeans considered improvements, but which the Mussulmen held to be innovations; and that the Diplomats made no complaint against measures which were municipal, and which were merely substituting a new military force for the old Janizaries.

Sept. 15. Some thousand fugitive Greeks from Candia and the Morea, are collected in the large Island of Naxia, (near the centre of the Archipelago,) and in addition to other measures of defence, were fitted out four men of war. Canaries who had received three wounds when he lost his fireship, had so far recovered from them, as to be making preparations to leave Naxia and to rejoin the Greek fleet;—his chief regret was, that his fireships did not do any mischief to the Turks. Other letters from Naxia say, that the Turks were repulsed in two of their attempts to land at Samos; and that the British frigate *Seringapatam* took off the British Consul from Samos, and a French squadron about 200 Europeans and other persons, before the Turks invested the Island.

It is ascertained that the Turks have burned Athens, and sent the prisoners taken there to Negropont. The *Constitutionelle* says, they will be sold for slaves, and that 600 Greek females taken by the Egyptians at Missolonghi have been sold in the slave market at Alexandria, at about 280 livers per head. It forgets its frequent assertions that they were all blown up, burnt, or drowned at Missolonghi! We agree with that paper in pronouncing the sale of human beings, even by infidels, to be "horrid;" but not much more horrid, than the sale of an equal number in the Christian slave markets at Gaudaloupe or Jamaica, or at Charleston, or Richmond, or their favorite republic.—(Etoile.)

Napoli, Aug. 20. The Turks are blockading the Acropolis of Athens; being mostly cavalry, and not having battering artillery, they are unable to reduce this citadel; which is commanded by the brave *Gauras*. We have accounts that Ibrahim Pacha has advanced from Tripolizza towards Corinth, said to be with a view to communicate with the Seraskier in *Attica*; and that one of his foraging parties had been waylaid, and captured by the Greeks.—If it be true, as reported, that 6000 Moreotes are in possession of the defiles near Tripolizza, in the rear of Ibrahim's position, his movement to the North was probably dictated by necessity. He must receive naval co-operation before he can support a communication with *Attica* by the Isthmus of Corinth.

[From the National Journal.]

FROM ALGIERS.

Extract of a letter to the Editor, from a friend, dated Algiers, Aug. 25, 1826.

A few hours only are left me to write to you and my friends. The vessel which affords us this occasion for Martineilles, belongs to Curacao owned by Capt. Cushing Stetson, formerly of Boston, and is loaded with Campeachy wood, by merchants of that city. She was bound from Campeachy to Martineilles, and within sixty miles of that city was visited by the Algerine squadron, cruising against Spanish commerce, and being found without a *Mediterranean* pass, was brought in here. Had it not been for the undaunted spirit and inflexible character of Mr. Shaler, this vessel would have been confiscated. The cargo was actually confiscated by the Minister of Marine, *Vikol Hargree*, but was subsequently liberated by the Bashaw, on certain conditions. Our Consul declared to the Minister, that the confiscation would be the cause of war. The Minister, under evident restraint, and even fear, exclaimed, "Kuf shey American?" Who are the Americans—are they the Heavens, that we are eternally opposed by them? This discussion with the Bashaw proved him to be a man of fine judgment, and a Prince of elevated and magnanimous sentiments. He said that he well knew the stipulations of the Treaty between the Regency and the United States, for he was not, as in former days, unable to read, and would scrupulously observe them. If the most precious cargo of the Indies, of pearls and ingots of gold, were brought into this port, and proved to be American property, they should be held sacred, and restored. I was charmed with the urbanity and dignified manners of this Barbarous chief.

These people are gradually abandoning their piratical pretensions. For instance, they have lately granted the coral fishery of this coast, from Bona to Oran, to the Neapolitan Government, on condition of receiving one-half.—This will employ numerous fishermen, and create a market. It is but a small

step towards the pursuits of civilized society, but it is still something.

The Aga of the Janizaries has been in the interior for two months past, and under pretence of compelling the Arabs to pay a tribute, which they say they cannot pay, he has sabred about 3000 of their heads. This is like imprisonment for debt. He has taken from them all their cattle and property of every species, even their women, as is reported. He has about 5000 troops.

[From the Philadelphia Gazette, Oct. 27.]

INTERESTING.

Extract of a letter from St. Jago de Cuba, dated Sept. 21, 1826.

We were visited on the morning of the 18th inst. between 3 and 4 o'clock, with one of the most awful earthquakes that has been felt here for fifty years past, at which time nearly one half of the town was destroyed. There were two shocks, the second more severe than the first, and the duration of each was about one minute. The noise resembled the rumbling of heavy loaded wagons dragged over a paved archway, and finished with a tremendous explosion like the simultaneous discharge of an immense number of cannon. The confusion was unexampled—men, women and children suddenly leaving their beds and running in every direction; some with little clothing on, many entirely naked. The most pitiful cries and shrieks were heard from these terrified people, who were to be seen running to the Cathedral and offering up the hurried devotions of the moment; some were stupefied with fear, some crossing and beating themselves with great zeal, others calling loudly on the Priests to assist them with their prayers and holy water; indeed it seemed that most of them thought of and asked the aid of their Creator for the first time in their lives. It was generally supposed from the weather being so close and sultry, that a repetition of the shock would take place. This however did not occur, and the priests have attributed this special Providence to the efficacy of their prayers. After the agitation had in some measure subsided, large tubs and bathing vessels were filled with water, which being blessed by the priests, the superstitious part of the people immediately got into the consecrated element and remained for nearly an hour up to their necks in holy water, supposing that it would protect them from another shock. But few houses were thrown down, no lives lost and the damage was comparatively trifling. Numbers of large fish were observed jumping and playing about the vessels in the harbor, just before the shock.

PIRATICAL. Capt. Lacost, of ship *Desdemonia*, arrived at New-York, from Campeachy via Sisal, informs that he left the latter place, at 1 P. M. on the 1st of October, and at midnight was fired at by the Mexican brig *Victoria*, Capt. Machine; the fourth shot fell within ten feet of the main chains, when we hove to. The *V.* then ranged ahead of us and asked in English, what ship and where from? after answering their question, we asked what brig theirs was? they replied, *H. B. M. brig Beaver*. I desired him to let me proceed, but was answered No, you must lie by me till day-light. I remonstrated but in vain. At 2 30 A. M. they sent their launch with 25 armed men, who took charge of the vessel and made a strict search for documents to prove an illicit trade; they then took from me my trunk, containing the ship's documents and sealed letters to the consignees and owners, and all my private papers, and demanded the ship's register. I refused giving it up except with my life, not being able through sickness to take it on board. My trunk and letters were shortly returned to me—the latter by the Captain himself. They placed one of their men at the helm. Myself and crew, were then put in confinement till day light, when we were permitted to go on board the *Victoria* in our own boat, when I was again imprisoned with two of my men, and my boat was for some time used in their service. When Captain M. called me down to examine my register and letters, I strenuously remonstrated against his breaking the seals, stating that several of the letters were to persons of high standing in New-York, capable of carrying a prosecution to a great extent.—He broke open seven of the letters, when I again remonstrated. He told me that he obeyed Com. Porter's orders. I then told him that I should lay my remonstrance before the Government of the United States, at which he flew into a violent rage and called me an insolent American son of a b—! I was then released after having been detained ten hours and a half. Nothing of the cargo was stolen, (for I must render them justice,) excepting tin-pots, fishing lines, shoes, hats, shirts, &c. man-of-war like. They urged many persuasions to my crew to ship on board the *Victoria*, and leave the *Desdemonia* in distress—offering \$14 per month, three months in advance, and \$20 bounty.—Boston States.

The Governor of New-Hampshire has appointed Thursday, the 23d day of November, to be set apart as a day of Thanksgiving in that State for the general prosperity which is enjoyed.

DOMESTIC.

Natchitoches, Sept. 19. Letters have been received from the Ayish Bayou, 75 miles from this place, stating that the States of Coluahuilla and Texas had nearly completed their Constitutions, and that they had determined to abolish slavery in toto; and that all slaves in the province at the promulgation of the decree, should be free. This has produced the greatest dissatisfaction, and should the report be true, it is rumored that the slave holders will make considerable opposition to any measure of the kind. The Americans in these provinces have become dissatisfied with the Government, and unless a speedy change takes place in affairs, they will most undoubtedly abandon their farms, and seek an asylum in a land where liberty is not a bye-word only, but where they, with their families and property, will receive protection. Murders have become quite a matter of course, and no man can calculate on his person being safe from these marauders.

Our planters in the Red River Bottom are quite discouraged at the appearance of their cotton; the rot is making such formidable devastations they will scarcely make half a crop, and the weather at this time is still bad, and making further destruction. Since 1812, they have not received so much injury.

Washington, Oct. 21.

THE PUBLIC SOLEMNITIES proposed to be observed in this metropolis, as a tribute of gratitude, veneration, and affection, from its inhabitants, to the memory of the departed sages and benefactors of their country, JOHN ADAMS and THOMAS JEFFERSON, took place on Thursday last, in conformity to the arrangements previously announced. Every manifestation was given by our fellow-citizens of their deep sympathy and universal concurrence in this testimony of respect. All the ordinary avocations of the inhabitants were suspended; the banks, shops, and other places of business were shut during the day; and the city, but for the martial array, and the strains of its music, wore the appearance of a Sabbath.

The procession was formed on the President's square, according to the published arrangements. It comprehended our volunteer military companies; the Heads of Departments, and the resident officers of the United States, civil and military, and those transiently here; the officers of the militia, in uniform; the judicial officers of the District; the Clergy; the members of the corporation of the city, &c. The fine military companies of our sister town, Georgetown, came out, and, by uniting with our own handsome companies, added much to the brilliancy of the procession. The procession reached the Capitol at half after 11 o'clock.

The President of the United States was already there. Having been detained in the Sound by adverse winds, on his way from Massachusetts, he did not reach the city until eleven o'clock, and repaired immediately to the Capitol, before proceeding to his own residence. All the Representatives of Foreign Governments, at present in the city, embracing those of England, France, Russia, Holland, and Sweden, were present; and the ample Hall of the House of Representatives was crowded with a brilliant assemblage of ladies, and other auditors; the galleries were occupied exclusively by the military companies.

At twelve o'clock, Mr. Warr rose and commenced his oration on the lives and characters of the departed sages and patriots, whose virtues and services he had undertaken to portray. The discourse occupied two hours and three quarters in its delivery; so we were surprised to find, after its conclusion: for it did not seem to us half so long. We will only say of the eulogy, that it was a masterly production, worthy of the extraordinary occasion and character of the subject, and fully sustained the reputation of the gifted orator. As the committee have obtained a copy of the oration for publication, we shall have the pleasure, some time hence, of presenting it to our readers.—Nat. Int.

New-York, Oct. 24.

COURT OF OVER AND TERMERS. This morning, agreeably to the order of the Court, Jacob Barker appeared to receive its decision, when, after a reprimand from Judge Edwards, Mr. Barker was fined one hundred dollars, which he immediately paid in doobloons, observing at the same time, that he "wished the change given to the officers of the Court, that they might drink his health."

OVERSIGHT. The *Toscin*, an Indiana paper, remarks, that General Evans, together with several other of the leading persons who had countenanced, upheld, and co-operated in the establishment of New Harmony, and the principles of its founder, had abandoned the cause, and that much dissatisfaction existed in the community which will probably dissolve in a short time.

Bost. Statesman.

Hon. Allen Trimble, is elected Governor of Ohio, by a considerably majority over his competitors.

THE

PARIS...

The chap by the virtue A constant similar acts tend to fix tures of the arrival of the of suicide, nations abroad judge of the may be conf accounts pre voking view 'They merel frequently c and without quire wheth ticular State draw the ha a fair account morals amon the kind al indeed, but t ers might al ering murder canonized vi especially, if people sanc the apologie fered, for cri shudder and Suicide is si come an ord day occurin recurring, th faithfully pu and coolnes mended, and agement giv ing out, as an of public not ous to obtain thereby be fame."

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To an im spectator, it n to see the mo tests and con carried on. themselves "all virtue, p those who w ship the idol Being in favor tration, and o choose to adop it may pursue the indispensa non for obtain and the chief tion for offic to act, or even make the goo or the best in the rule of his blindly, follow power, howev may be violat people sacrific the "Opposi that any goo reth—that any sent rulers, a election of M man, or a frie republican in approve of an and salutary, placed at the adopt, or yiel even when th vorite plans. their opponen mined to hol victorious pa every thing, r state of thing honest man t preferred Mr. petitors, and l administration cannot but ce ticular acts. would be to indignation of finally exclai against us. "such na

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, THURSDAY, NOV. 9, 1826.

The character of a nation is stamped by the virtues and vices of individuals. A constant and frequent repetition of similar acts, virtuous or vicious, must tend to fix those acts, as one of the features of the national character. Each arrival of the mail brings new accounts of suicide, duelling, and murder. To nations abroad, who are inclined to judge of the whole, by incidents, which may be confined to a small part, these accounts present a most horrid and revolting view of the state of society here. They merely learn, that such acts are frequently committed in the U. States, and without being at the trouble to inquire whether they are confined to particular States, or common to all, they draw the hasty conclusion, that such is a fair account of the state of society and morals among us. And from facts of the kind above-mentioned, lamentable indeed, but too true to be denied, strangers might almost be justified in considering murder and assassination as the canonized virtues of our calendar; more especially, if they can believe that the people sanction by their approbation, the apologies which are sometimes offered, for crimes at which nature would shudder and which humanity disowns. Suicide is so common as to have become an ordinary and almost an everyday occurrence. Duels are constantly recurring, the particulars of which are faithfully published, and the bravery and coolness of the parties highly commended, and thus an indirect encouragement given to the practice, by holding out, as an inducement, the premium of public notice which many are anxious to obtain, even though they must thereby be "damned to everlasting fame."

"We have strict statutes and most biting laws," but they are daily and openly violated, and the guilty, not only escape the punishment due to their crimes, but frequently even public censure. Men, who by their conduct have incapacitated themselves for holding any public office, and deserved even the punishment of death, are "Honorable men," and ask for, and receive, the suffrages and support of their fellow-citizens. Can we complain of the prevalence of vice among us, and say that we are not to be blamed for the crimes which stain the annals of our country, because our hands are not red with blood, when we thus indirectly bestow upon them our encouragement and approbation, by manifesting that virtue is not an indispensable requisite for obtaining our praise and support—that talents and wealth, or often plausibility alone, shall be a passport to our favor, however degraded and immoral the character—however depraved the heart and blood-stained the hands of him who seeks it. We talk much of integrity, consistency, and other virtues, but practice as if we thought them mere chimeras of the imagination—names invented to delude the ignorant and unsuspicious. We may repeat of our folly, and probably shall do it, before we change our conduct.

To an impartial and disinterested spectator, it must be somewhat amusing to see the mode in which political contests and controversies are at present carried on. The one party who style themselves "Administration men," deny all virtue, probity, and integrity, to those who will not fall down and worship the idol which they have set up. Being in favor of the present administration, and of all the measures it may choose to adopt, and of whatever course it may pursue, they would wish to make the indispensable requisite, the sine qua non for obtaining their favor or support, and the chief if not the sole qualification for office. No one must pretend to act, or even think, for himself, or to make the good of the country at large, or the best interests of his constituents, the rule of his public conduct, but must, blindly, follow the dictates of those in power, however much the Constitution may be violated, or the rights of the people sacrificed.—On the other hand, the "Oppositionists," will not allow that any good can come out of Nazareth—that any man in favor of our present rulers, or who was friendly to the election of Mr. Adams, can be an honest man, or a friend to his country and her republican institutions. They will not approve of any measures, however wise and salutary, which those who are now placed at the head of our affairs, may adopt, or yield to them their applause, even when they pursue their own favorite plans. Angry at their defeat, as their opponents call it, they are determined to hold no measures with the victorious party, but to oppose them in every thing, right or wrong. In such a state of things as this, what part is an honest man to take? He may have preferred Mr. Adams to any of his competitors, and be inclined to support his administration in the main, though he cannot but censure and condemn particular acts. To avow these sentiments would be to bring down upon him the indignation of both parties, who continually exclaim, he that is not for us is against us. Truly no man can please such masters, and no one who

makes any thing but party spirit, the guide of his conduct, can please either of them. Right and wrong are no longer the standard by which political conduct is to be measured; true republican principles and integrity are no longer passports to public favor, or the criterion of merit. They talk too of the abolition of party names and party feelings; as if that heavy virtue which is the negative consequence of positive destitution of principle, was deserving of the highest commendation and a state of perfect indifference, were the "era of good feelings." When has more virulence been displayed—when has hatred, more pure and unrelenting, existed—when has more bitter invective been lavished by parties upon each other, than for a few years past? For ourselves, we are the friends of parties when the division is made upon principle, but when it is a mere nominal classification, it is contemptible. When we see men retain old principles, but change the name of their party, because it has become unpopular, and others changing their principles but retaining the name as a convenient cloak, we entertain but little confidence in their integrity, and little respect for their character. There can be but one step in degradation below this, which is, when a man, professing to belong to the strictest sect of a party, is by them supported and raised to high office, then, by abandoning his old friends and benefactors, and by a dereliction of principle, to court the favor of the opposite party. Such conduct is beneath the dignity of contempt.

The last Oxford Observer has a little original poetry which we also published from manuscript a few weeks ago, "On the death of a young lady." These detections of plagiarisms must be looked after, otherwise we shall be deluged with 'old things made new.' The Observer will settle the matter with his copying correspondent.—*Kennebec Journal.*

The manuscript of the piece above referred to, was sent to our office long before the same piece appeared in the Journal, with a request that it might be inserted, which was done so soon as we found room for it. So that "the Journal will settle the matter with his copying correspondent."—If we wished to pass off selections for original matter, we should not make them from the *Kennebec Journal.*

[From the Columbian Centinel.]

THE GREEK FRIGATES.

Mr. CONTOSTAVLOS, a native merchant of Scio, and late Agent of the Greek Government in New-York, to which he was sent to institute inquiries relative to the two frigates lately built there on account of the Greeks, and which have excited so much public interest in Europe and America, has published a Narrative, with ample documents, of the whole transactions relating to them. This narrative is written with the feelings of an ardent Patriot, and the documents appear to be authentic and impartial; and if not invalidated by contra evidence on the part of the accused, will hang up to the public execration and contempt, the characters of persons who have made professions of being honorable men, the friends of freedom, and the suffering Greeks; and will stamp an indelible stain on the cause of Liberty, the professors of the Christian faith, and humanity.

The pamphlet is so voluminous, and the facts given so ample in detail, that we cannot attempt to give it entire. A masterly summary of it appeared in the *Boston Advertiser* of the 2d inst. which ought to be copied into every paper in the United States, and will not fail of being republished in Europe. We hope to find room for it. We may, however, remark at this time, that it amply corroborates and confirms the article on the subject, published in the *Centinel* of the 26th August, under the signature of "A Friend to Greece," and gives the names of those implicated in transactions which, if not refuted, must be pronounced exorbitance, extortion, and deception, disgraceful to the American name, as far as American citizens are connected with them.

The following brief facts appear to be substantiated by the documents.—1. That the Greek Government was erroneously assured by persons in New-York that the building of the frigates would not be in violation of the laws of the United States. 2. That the above two houses made estimates that the cost of a frigate of 1500 tons, of 50 guns, to be built of live oak, and rigged, would be only \$247,000. 3. That the actual cost of the only frigate (the *Hope*) which has been sent to the Greeks, was 155,000, sterling, which at the then exchange, amounted to about \$750,000! 4. That the salary of Gen. LALLEXAND (a professed friend of Greece) for superintendence, &c. was 1200 sterling per month, over \$6000 a year. 5. That the amount allowed to Capt. W. Chauncey, another superintendant, was \$11,500, exclusive of travelling expenses, and whose superintendence did not interfere with the performance of his official duties, so as to cut off his regular pay as an officer of the U. States navy. 6. That \$50,000 was allowed and paid to two ship builders, for the use of their yards, and personal services. 7. That one of the frigates was detained and sold to the United States for \$233,570 27c. the proceeds of the sale of which were barely sufficient to pay the balances due, and the expenses necessary for the outfit of the other frigate. 8. That the arbitrators on some contested charges, modestly awarded to themselves the sum of \$1500, being \$1500 each, though principally, but not exclusively, engaged no more than 30, and in actually sitting on the reference only 19 days. Many items of a similar character might be added.

The pamphlet thus concludes:—"Generous reader, whoever you are, calm your anxiety. The frigate, the only frigate which cost \$155,000 sterling to the Greek nation is now on her way to Greece. For the same country that gave birth to these arbitrators, gave also existence to Henry D. and Robert Sedgwick; without whose interference and assistance—the generous way in which, through their disinterested solicitations, a bond, to the amount of \$600,000, has been signed by several individuals—and their

unparalleled exertions—the frigate with this award, could never leave these American shores! These two gentlemen, with the upright and noble minded John Duer, and B. Robinson, constituted my counsel. The noble, the independent, the fatherly way (for friendly does not express half the feelings of my heart) in which they have defended this sacred cause, has acquired for them my gratitude, and the gratitude of my country."

"In the frigate *Hope*, my duties to my country have compelled me to depart; until she is delivered to Greece, my trust is not executed; but I leave behind me friends who have the means of substantiating the truth of every material fact that I have alleged, and of vindicating my personal character against any calumnies that the malice of my enemies may urge. To them I commit the cause of my country, and of my own reputation, and to the honor and justice of the American people, I solemnly appeal, against the injustice of some of their citizens, against

"ALEXANDRE CONTOSTAVLOS,
"A native of Scio."

The *Nantucket Journal* of the 26th Oct. states, that there are on that Island about 8000 inhabitants, 150 horses, 400 cows, 1000 hogs, and 2000 sheep. Corn was 90 cents per bushel, oats 50 cents, hay \$32 per ton, oak wood \$8 17 cents, and pine wood \$4 50 cents per cord.—All these articles were scarce.

Communications.

Member of Congress for Oxford Congressional District.

[For the Oxford Observer.]

MR. EDITOR.—By the "official List of Votes," as published in the *Eastern Argus* of the 21th of October, it appears that General [I beg his pardon, I should have said "The Honorable"] James W. Ripley "is chosen to represent this Congressional District, in the next Congress, and that there has been no election of a successor to Gov. LINCOLN for the present Congress.—Whether "the Honorable General Ripley" would or would not have been elected for either Congress, had all the towns and plantations in the District voted and made seasonable and legal returns of their votes, is quite problematical—but, however the results might have been, had all been well informed and conscientiously performed their duty, one admonitory fact seems to be established, beyond all controversy, and made as manifest as the unclouded sun at a "high meridian," and facts are truly said to be "stubborn things."—my readers must already have anticipated the grave and solemn fact which I allude to: it is that this same "Honorable" gentleman would not have been elected by his fellow-townsmen and neighbors:—their votes have spoken an audible language, in a voice not to be misunderstood, against him—they have said, we will not have this man to serve us; neither shall he, with our consent, "rule over us."—And the testimony of those, who best know him, cannot fail to afford the safest key to his true character.

The venerable Jefferson said he hoped the time would arrive when the only inquiry should be, in regard to the claims of a candidate for office, "is he honest, is he capable, is he faithful, is he a friend to the Constitution?" Our Governor Lincoln, in one of his letters published in the *Observer*, advanced sentiments of a kindred character with those expressed by Mr. Jefferson, and equally just, magnanimous and patriotic—he advised the Republicans to seize upon every intelligent, upright federalist, and incorporate them with their own body, to embrace all such good men, without regard to party names, into their own family.—President Adams, in his Inaugural Address, has reiterated these sound doctrines, and urged the adoption of the same wise and salutary policy—and these repeated admonitions of wise, experienced and patriotic Statesmen are not to be treated lightly by those who hold in just estimation the safety and welfare of their country. But, have the electors of the Oxford Congressional District, in their late balloting for a Representative, been well informed on this subject, and conscientiously regarded the high considerations urged by those high-minded, practical Statesmen? Or rather have they not been deceived by the misrepresentations of intriguers and influenced by a name, that hath long since become, at best, a poor and equivocal index of the true character and principles of men, when tested by "works," the only safe standard of character.—Mr. Jefferson in his inaugural Address to Congress, said, "we are all federalists, all republicans"—and so we are—and how are we to decide then, who are the most trustworthy, the most "honest, capable, faithful, and best friends to the constitution?" "By their works ye shall know them." A VOTER.

October 20, 1826.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

MR. EDITOR.—I believe from the information that I have been able to obtain, that since Mr. WHITMAN has declined to be a candidate to fill the vacancy existing in this District, that his friends, and very many of the Electors who sincerely desire to see the District ably and honestly represented in the present Congress, are determined to give their votes for SAMUEL A. BRADLEY, Esq. whose political integrity and universal benevolence is well known, in the County of Oxford at least. In confirmation of the above opinion, I notice in the official returns, that, although Mr.

BRADLEY has never been considered a prominent candidate, he received nearly five hundred votes, at the late election to fill the vacancy; and in the town of Fryeburg, where Mr. Bradley and Gen. Ripley both reside, and where it is presumed their characters and qualifications are best known to the Electors, Mr. BRADLEY had more than four-fifths of the votes over Gen. Ripley, and, if my memory serves me, respectable majorities in the adjoining towns of Denmark and Brownfield.

Another reason will influence me in supporting Mr. BRADLEY is, his wish to have something done by Congress, for the surviving Soldiers of the Revolution, who are not on the Pension Roll, to enable them to spend the evening of their days in comfort and respectability, without being obliged to acknowledge themselves town paupers.

OXFORD.

Birth.

In Hebron, on Friday the 27th of Oct. Mrs. Sarah Barrows, aged 93 years, 5 months and 9 days.—She was the Mother of 12 children—grand children 70, great-grand children 136. Making a total of 218.

In Weld, Mr. Wm. Edward Weld, son of Benjamin Weld, Esq. of Boston, aged 31.

In Fryeburg, Mrs. Abigail, wife of Daniel Clement, Esq. aged 46.

In Bangor, George Parsons, Esq. attorney at law, formerly of Norway.

Near the Bay of St. Louis, 13th ult. Mr. Martin Thaxter, of Mobile, aged 35, a native of Watertown.

In Fayal, on the 2d Sept. of apoplexy, John Dabney, Esq. Consul General of the U. S. for the Azores. He was a native of Boston, and son of Dr. Dabney, who removed to Connecticut at the commencement of the Revolutionary War. Mr. D. had resided with his family, at Fayal upwards of 20 years.

In Brunswick, 4th ult. Mr. Luther Hall, a revolutionary soldier and pensioner, aged 74. His remains were interred on the 5th, attended by six of his companions in arms as pall bearers, a part of whom were members of the same company, under the command of Capt. White, of Topsham. Mr. Hall served four years in the war of the revolution, and was at the battles of Hubbleton, Stillwater, Monmouth, and at the capture of Burgoyne.

In Iredell county, N. C. Maj. Thomas Harris, aged 69. Early in our struggle for independence, Maj. Harris received two captain's commissions on the same day; one from King George III, the other from the Continental Congress: he hesitated not a moment which to accept. He was immediately ordered to the North, where he remained nearly two years; was in the battle of Brandywine and Germantown, and after the latter went with the army into winter quarters.

TAILORING.

M. STEDMAN

TAKES this method to inform her friends and the public, that she has commenced the

Tailoring Business,

in the Shop adjoining the Store of THOMAS CROCKER, Esq. where she will be ready to execute work on good terms and in a faithful manner.—Her prices for cutting and making COATS will be from \$1 50 cents to \$2; for PANTALOONS and VESTS from 58 to 75 cents each—and other work in the same proportion.

She believes from the experience she has had in the business, that she may confidently engage to give satisfaction to her employers. Paris, Nov. 7.

LAST NOTICE.

THE subscriber will place in an Attorney's hands all of his unsettled accounts and notes, in sufficient time to be sued for the next term of the Court of Common Pleas in January next. H. R. PARSONS. Paris, Oct. 31, 1826. 123

NOTICE.

THE subscriber being about to make some new arrangements in his business, hereby requests his Customers and all persons indebted to him to call and settle their demands. Those whose Notes and Accounts are of more than one year's standing, are especially informed that, unless their demands are paid by the 1st of January next, the same will be left with an Attorney for collection without reserve.

THOMAS CROCKER. Paris, Oct. 30, 1826. 122

ASA BARTON,

AGENT FOR THE
New-England Insurance Company,
Capital 200,000 Dollars,
continues to issue Policies at fair rates of Premiums, on application to him at the
OXFORD BOOKSTORE.
Paris, Nov. 8.

FOR SALE

BY THE SUBSCRIBER,
150 BUSHELS GOOD CORN;
300 do. do. RYE;
100 do. do. WHEAT.

—ALSO—
60 M. good Laying SHINGLES:
which will be sold low for Cash or Six Months' Credit, good security.
JOHN R. BRIGGS.
Woodstock, Oct. 30, 1826. 123

NOTICE.

CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber, about the last of August last, a large YEARNING HEIFER, of rather a pale Red color, apparently very wild. The owner is requested to come and take her away. PETER CHASE. Paris, Oct. 28. 122

Almanacks for 1827.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, by the hundred, dozen, or single, the

Maine Farmers' Almanack for 1827. Also, for sale by Maj. John Dennett, Paris, and Mr. Increase Robinson, Waterville.

GOOD NEWS.

THE Managers of the CUMBERLAND & OXFORD CANAL LOTTERY, have disposed of all the Tickets, and the Lottery will positively draw next month, and as early in the month as may be convenient. The day will in a few days be named by the Managers. This Lottery will be drawn on the Combination System, which is the most correct and popular mode that can be offered.—The scheme is a brilliant one.

10,000 DOLS.

HIGHEST PRIZE.

Tickets and Parts for sale at the Oxford Bookstore. Nov. 9.

The Subscriber

HAS A few bushels of Good RYE, of last year's growth, which he will sell cheap. Nov. 2. ASA BARTON, Agent.

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons indebted to the subscriber, either by Note or Account, that they must make payment previous to the first of December next, or their demands will be left with an Attorney for collection. JAIROS SHAW. Paris, Nov. 4, 1826. 123

GUARDIAN SALE.

BY License obtained of the Supreme Judicial Court, will be sold at Public Auction at the Store of WASHBURN & WILLIAMS, in Dixfield, in the County of Oxford, on Saturday the 30th of December next, at ten of the clock A. M., the following parcels of Real Estate, belonging to LOUISA TRASK and SUSAN TRASK, Minors, and heirs at law of ASAZ TRASK, late of said Dixfield, deceased, (viz):

10 House Lots in Dixfield Village, handsomely and commodiously situated.

Lots No. 17 in the 3d Range.—No. 11 in the 9th Range—one third of Lot No. 14 in the 8th Range, being the westerly part of said Lot—one third of Lot No. 7 in the 9th Range—and a part of Lot No. 17 in the 2d Range, containing about 75 acres; all of said Lots lying in said Dixfield.

Also—the Stockbridge Farm, so called, being the south half of 75 acres on Lot No. 4 in the 3d Range of Lots in Dixfield—and One acre of Land and Barn standing thereon, where the Widow HANNAH MITCHELL lives in Dixfield.

Also—12 acres of the Great Island near Dixfield Village, and which is well covered with good Wood—and 2 acres, back of S. MORRILL's and EBERHARD HOLMAN's land, near said Village.

Also—Lots No. 6 in the 4th Range and 12 in the 7th Range, in the town of Mexico, in said County.

Also—One half of a two-story Dwelling-House, Garden, and Barn, in Topsham, in the County of Lincoln.

*TERMS LIBERAL and made known at the time of sale.

MOSES PARK, Guardian. Dixfield, Oct. 28, 1826. 122

BROWN'S DROPS FOR FITS.

THIS valuable Medicine has been used in several instances with success for the cure of Fits.—Numerous Certificates of its efficacy have been received from persons of the first respectability.—The following from John Whipple, Esq. is sufficient to show its value:

I, JOHN WHIPPLE, of Hooksett, certify and say, that my child was attacked with fits in a very dangerous degree. Medical aid seemed to have had little or no effect. I applied to Mr. Brown, and he gave me a phial of his Drops, which I gave to my child as directed by said Brown; and I have no doubt they were of much service. After administering one phial full to my child, the fits left her, and she has been in perfect health ever since. JOHN WHIPPLE. Hooksett, June, 1826.

For sale by appointment of the Proprietors, at the Oxford Bookstore.

STRAY CATTLE.

CAME into the enclosure of the subscriber about the first of October last, two light red Yearling STEERS; two black Yearling STEERS, one with a white face; and one black Yearling HEIFER, with a white tail.—The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take them away. AMOS FULLER. Paris, Nov. 4, 1826. 123

ORIGINAL INVENTION.

GRENVILLE'S

CHEMICAL INK POWDER, WARRANTED Superior for the immediate production of a beautiful Jet Black Ink.

The Ink made from this Powder possesses some peculiar qualities superior to any other hitherto made. It flows smoothly from and follows the most delicate stroke of the pen; does not blot and blur the paper, and remains permanently of the same color as when first written with. Unlike any other Powder, at present known, Ink of a very fine quality may be made immediately from it. A few grains thrown into an Inkstand, and a little vinegar or water added, will produce a good Ink in a few minutes. Having undergone a chemical process the whole powder will dissolve, and it will be found to produce more Ink from a single paper than any other kind. A farther recommendation is, that it does not readily yield to any chemical reaction, and is therefore invaluable for Records and Instruments of Writing. It has received the approbation and recommendation of a number of the Writing Masters and others who are in the constant practice of writing. In fact, it is only to be used once to be preferred to any other Ink.

For sale at the Oxford Bookstore.

NEW BOOKS.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, the following new editions: Ballou's Notes on the Parables, new edition; Winchester's Dictionary; Kneeland's Sermons on Divine Benevolence; Ballou's Review; Kneeland's and McCall's Controversy on the question of Endless Misery; Ballou's Inquiry; Universalist's Hymn Book; Union of Christ and the Church; Sermons, &c. Nov. 8.

LITERATURE.

[From a late English Paper.]
THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON,
 BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Will shortly meet the public eye; and perhaps Political and Literary Curiosity were never more truly excited—more united in one object, or more universally diffused. Until the fact of his having undertaken it was fully ascertained, it could scarcely have been believed that he would make so hazardous an experiment on opinion. It is the distinctive character of Genius, however, as of Heroism, always to go beyond the term of our expectations and our hopes: it is its privilege to overpass the suppositions of the imagination, to frustrate the calculations of the judgment, and break through the limits that have been assigned to its career. Subjects which have passed through all shapes in the hold of common minds, are compelled, like Proteus, to return into their nature, in the grasp of Genius. Like some exquisite piece of mechanism which has been the object of curiosity and admiration, until some master-workman's eye comes to point out its hidden springs, and show us that what first excited our regard, was but the vestibule of its unexpected perfection.

Nothing can be more delightful than the anticipations of such a work; we feel as if we were approaching for the first time the Dome of St. Peter's and the hills of the "Eternal City," with the sentiment of novelty unabated in our hearts, although our minds have been familiar from infancy with the semblances of its grandeur and the characters of its magnificence. Although a gallery might be filled with the glaring portraits and the hurried but life-warm casts of him who wore the crown of Charlemagne, he has yet to receive a more imperishable likeness:—and, as in the marble of the Sculptor, "to grow chill with immortality" in the page of the historian. A consummate hand is demanded, to seize amidst the various and momentary resemblances, the testimonies and traces of nature—like CHANTREY to discover the lineaments of the Hero from the secret relations of harmony, and restore, by the power of Genius, a form lost to the world.

Were Sir Walter Scott's object in this work to paint, to please and transport us—to toss us on the tempestuous billows of his imagination, we would be confident of the result, and could only say in the language of Dante, "Spemk out, I see the shaft upon your lip!" From him whose path through Literature has been one dazzling track of light—at whose spell Tradition and History have started into life—who has pulled the fairest flowers in the garden of Genius to adorn the brow of Beauty, and levelled to the earth the lofty and gnarled oak to launch into the trackless ocean of fear and desolation, success would appear as certain as was once the triumph of him whose eventful life is now the subject of his pen. But in common, we presume, with the public, we have assigned him a higher task than to be the Historian of fields of carnage and embattled war—of squadrons vanishing amidst the career of glory—the tumult where the combat deepens to its close, and all the dreadful diapason of the strife. The better part of the world begin to look on such descriptions with doubtful applause, and taste is accomplishing what reason has been found inadequate to attain. On such an occasion, it would be to injure the calm decisions he has to form of this great "foe of Kings"—and it would weaken rather than give life to the work, to be the commentator of that vain and martial magnificence which is now so easily repeated: no accumulation of feathers, haberdashery, and cutlery, should extort a sentence from him, more than is barely required. The commentaries of Cæsar, or the manly pages of Polybius, are finer models, than the tinsel volumes of Quintus Curtius. Chivalry is no longer joined necessarily with pomp—the iron bands of Switzerland—the village phalanx of Tyrol, and the acts of a Riego, have dimmed this presumptuous show of valor. Cæsar's soldiers said of those of Pompey, that it was easier to overcome, than strip them; and from the gilt chariots of Pharaoh (in which, as Cowley says, "amazed fishes" afterwards "sat") down to the battle of Waterloo, splendor and parade have been found to render a reverse more humiliating, and could add nothing to the inherent renown and memorials of victory. The heroic intrepidity of the soldiers of modern times has placed them on a level with their leaders, and realizes the truth, less frequently recognized in ancient wars, *Facunda virorum Paupertas*. There is one class of expectants, therefore, whose disappointment we will rejoice in—those who have got this false appetite, and who like the goddess of Discord, in Homer, "drink large slaughter with their sanguine eyes."

But to view our expectations nearer. Many will think that the feelings of men and nations themselves, are so deeply involved in the subject, that an author must be as incapable of impartiality, as the world would be of acknowledging it. They will think, that the hurricane that has passed over the world, has left the air "yet with lightening warm," and

that the calm and deliberate temper required for the historian, cannot yet be hoped for. They will tell us, that the historic muse herself, who waits alike on Heroes whether they mount the scaffold or the throne, could scarcely elevate and inspire a Briton, (although Napoleon himself admitted England to be the most generous of his enemies,) to this task of truth. They will imagine that Sir W. S. will desert his duty, and turn the tale to the account of English views and policy, for the moment, at a time when the rulers of that nation are so busy seeking to direct opinions.—They will anticipate the work to be an offering on the Altar of Peace—that the great Hero will be declared a great Criminal—that it will be a dull anathema against usurpation and conquest—a dark picture of

Princedom's rest and scutcheons riven,
 And birth-rights to usurpers given,
 To use his own language, years before the fall of Napoleon, and they will recall the prophetic ban with which he recorded the savage revenge of the victor of Jena, who refused to suffer the body of the Duke of Brunswick, to be laid in peace with his ancestors:

But when revolves, in time's sure change,
 The hour of Germany's revenge,—
 When breathing fury for thy sake,
 Some new Arminius shall awake,
 Her Champion ere he strike will come
 To whet his sword on Brunswick's tomb.

They will perhaps even look for an appeal to Europe, on the necessity of its various nations moralizing and strengthening their physical force, in order to command the advantages and retain the legitimate and hereditary claims of their power; and a denouncement of that liberality, which breaking down all right by theory, seems to realize the extravagant bombast of the emblemist, that the world (*ruit in exilium*) was rushing to exile.

To all these we would presume to reply, that the old and orthodox axiom about Posterity being the sole Judge of History, has nothing to recommend it but its age, and that it might be successfully combated by one consideration, which is, that we judge the past by the feelings and principles of the present, a medium far more imperfect, more distorting, and more unjust, than contemporary prejudice—that, if, as a celebrated foreign writer has observed, a similar progress of the human mind takes place between superstition and philosophy, as from tradition to history, and if the progress in the latter has equalled the former, we ought now to be arrived at a pretty secure distance from the vices of history, falsehood, concealment, and exaggeration. Besides, upon referring to the most illustrious followers of Herodotus, we will find that those who have written the annals in their own times or those immediately preceding them, are, as a general rule, distinguished for unbiased justice, and at the same time are considered the most interesting, the most invigorating to the mind, and as preserving purer and without alloy, the treasures of experience. We need but mention the names of Thucydides, Xenophon, and Polybius; of Sallust, Cæsar, and Tacitus; of De Thou, and Lord Clarendon in modern times. We speak of those whose works possess the main and port of history; we might add others of a more familiar character. As remarked above, we judge the past by the principles, prejudices, and interests of the present—no matter how far removed in time or country. Gibbon is as rigorous and censorious on the Christians of the first ages, as Paine was to those of his own day—Hume was ideally as a determined Tory as any courtier of Charles the I., and Robertson, in his recital of the crimes of the Spaniards in the new world, attained a moderation which drew forth the gratitude of the Spanish government. The Quarterly and Westminster Reviews fight over their political animosities in the streets of Athens in the days of Aristophanes, with as much virulence as on the measures of the present Ministers, and the Poet Laureate has suffered more for the sake of Wat Tyler, than he has done in defence of either Church or State. Let us hear no more, then, of the immaculate ermine of Posterity, who judges solely by *ex post facto* laws, and who is unjust in cases wherein the parties concerned cannot offer a bribe. This will appear natural enough if we reflect, that we take an interest in the past only as it has a bearing on ourselves and our age. All our curiosity is confined to the history of Greece and Rome, because from these nations we have derived all our policy and learning, and we meet in every page reflections of ourselves. But a man who would sit down to study the Laws and Annals of China, unless for the fame of obscure research or inquisitive philosophy, must have a head worthy of the scrutiny of Phrenologists.

Why we should suppose a writer of the present period, less qualified than the Historians mentioned above, to this important duty, we confess it is not in our power to imagine. If the world at present takes a stronger anxiety in political events, and if the minds of men are more divided and biased than in any former age, it must be remembered also that mankind are increased in intelligence in a still greater proportion, and awake to all the devices and arts which

talent may employ to disguise truth. A historian of this age must see, that his fame will be in the strictest ratio to the degree of this integrity. The denunciation of the Prophet against him "who speaks good of evil, or evil of good," must sound in his ear as the warning of an enlightened world, and genius itself can offer no hope of averting its decision; whilst the Annalist of the past may escape, by the amusement he affords or the learning he displays.

Of the remaining objections we need only remark; that if England was the most constant and relentless opposer of Napoleon, it is for that very reason we might anticipate his historian would be long to this Nation. He has no irresolute or vacillating policy to perplex him—no treachery to palliate—no galling recollections to hide—no disgrace to disguise. Indeed the event of that perilous struggle—the remarkable part which it was her destiny to act in it—and the scenes which closed Napoleon's career, whether held the results of policy, destiny, or the "latent marks of heaven," would rather lead us to fear that an Englishman might, from pride, magnify the dangers of the past—the greatness of him we opposed, and from an affected generosity or wrapt in selfish congratulations, extenuate his errors or his crimes, without troubling himself whether he was or was not "caput et causa malorum."

In regard to the distinguished individual who now excites our curiosities; although Sir Walter Scott has never been actively employed in Public Life, he has stood fully within the circle where the intelligence it confers is permanent. His is not the timorous knowledge of the retired Philosopher, or the audacious presumption of the ignorant demagogue; but an exact and familiar appreciation of Political Truth. From his temper and habits—from his rank and connexions, few men in England have taken a more intense interest in the events of his time. But were this unknown, it would be rejected as a moral impossibility, that such a mind could remain unmoved amidst changes which roused apathy itself into activity. On the casual sentiments he may have expressed, however, nothing can be founded to derogate from his promise. The mind that is easiest raised to indignation at crimes and baseness, is quickest to relent at proofs of magnanimity or generosity. Nor are such feelings confined to contemporary transactions. The implacable revenge of Achilles towards Priam's "dearest, bravest son," excites our abhorrence as if it was the act of yesterday; and the ingratitude of Ferdinand to him who gave "to Leon and Castile a new world," is more deeply detested from that solemnity which time throws over our minds. To Sir Walter we feel we may, without flattery, apply the language of Madame de Staël: "I would without the smallest fear or suspicion confide in those who merit the suffrage of mankind. But for the man who is incapable of obtaining from his fellow-men any pledge of voluntary approbation, what interest can he feel in the happiness of the human race? To him whom the world loves and admires, the happiness of the world must be dear."

From him we anticipate a return from that too philosophical style of History, which by a pretended wisdom leads us to confusion and uncertainty and ignorance. This erring system employs itself in unriddling the minds of remarkable men, in refining upon the combinations of virtues and vices, and their diversities, in human character: it keeps us amidst actors and agencies, and causes, and becomes rather a dissertation on the passions, than a history of the progress and changes of society and nations. It is time that the Inductive Philosophy should be applied to history, and that a careful and laborious examination of facts and phenomena, (if we may so speak,) should take place of theory and imposture.

When Claude Lorraine imagined his two great paintings of the Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire, did he martial her Legions? did he crowd into the scene the long array of her triumphs, ascending the capitolian steep by the *via sacra*? did he take his stand at her gates to mark,

The conflux issuing forth or entering in,
 Pretors, Pro consuls to their Provinces,
 Hastening, or on return, in robes of state;
 Lictors and rods the ensigns of their power;
 Legions and cohorts, turmes of horse and wings;

Or Embassies from regions far remote,
 In various habits on the Applan road,
 Or on the Æmilian; some from farthest south,
 From th' Asian Kings and Parthian among these;

From India and the golden Chersonese,
 From Galia, Gadæ, and the British west?

Did he bring Regulus in chains pleading against himself and for his country's glory? The self-devoted Decii? or Scævola, "with his withered hand?" Did he paint a beloved hero returning from victory—and the joy of Rome?

How did they climb the walls and battlements
 The towers and windows, yea, the chimney
 tops,
 Their infants in their arms, and there have
 sate
 The live-long day with patient expectation,
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of
 Rome;
 And when they saw his chariot but appear,
 How have they raised a universal shout,
 That Tyber trembled underneath his banks.

—Yet what grandeurs there were in scenes like these!—but these did not fit his purpose.

He painted the effects of the virtues of Rome, "while Rome survived." He chose a landscape of Italian beauty, such as Virgil had treasured in his imagination, when he exclaimed:

*Ille verasiduum atque allenis mensibus res-
 tas:—
 Salve, magna parons frugum, Saturnia tellus!*

It has that magnificent variety which peculiarly belongs to Italy, and the morning sun unveils to us his allegory. It is the morning of a day in which "not a flower shall fade or a leaf decay." It is the spring of the year, and the husbandmen are busily employed in their early rural labors. The work of art and the buildings he introduces, are such as show the first ages of Rome, and we might almost fancy we see

—that low roof,
 Where thou didst lay thy sacred burden down
 O good Fabricius!

The Temples are rude and simple, for the hearts are simple and pure that attend their altars: every thing recalls the virtuous days of the Roman Republic.

But when we turn to the second picture, how changed is the scene! The sun is declining below the horizon. The Temples are in ruins—deserted by man and forsaken by the Gods. The peasants still labor in the fields, and it is the time of vintage; but vice and debauch are mingled with their toils, and the painter has marked their corruption without losing the tragic dignity of his moral. Heaven seems withdrawing its sustaining light from the scene: some adverse fate is abroad; it is a horror more than darkness that threatens to descend on earth;

Some ruling Fiend hangs in the dusky air,
 O'er all the wretched race of man below.

This is history.

Doubt and uncertainty yet hang over the character of Napoleon. General opinion is in suspense. Every thing, indeed, has been said of him: he has been the *loadstone* of all eyes, the *touchstone* of all principles, the *zenith* of all wits; but it requires the lens of genius to collect these scattered colors and restore them to their original light—to the standard of truth. We would wish to know some surer measure of his mind, and to be satisfied how far, or if at all, he possessed (to use Lord Bacon's expressions) "any of the parts or signs of goodness." It remains to be decided if his wars were the consequences of his own headlong volition, or if they were forced upon him by the evident jealousies and known determinations of the European Powers to accomplish the destruction of his Empire, and restore the ancient race of monarchs: if his was an attempt to repeat that vain dream of ambition—universal power; or if, the foul offspring of the French Revolution, he had only the glory of desperately protracting his fate, before being offered up a victim on the altar of Restoration and Peace, to purify the world! It requires to be shown, if no happier termination was offered to his career, had he been a man who sought in wisdom, "that his children might be kings."

That this task has fallen to Sir Walter Scott is as singular as it is fortunate. Our fancy would almost delude us into a dream that the Olympic Games are about to open—that the Herald had proclaimed the prize of History, and that the eyes of assembled Nations were turned upon him, who now prepared to "grapple with glory naked!"

Agnosco, agnosco, victum est Chaos.

THE OLIO.

[From the New-York American.]
THE STUDENT'S SOLOQUY,
 ON

OUFID TS. COKE LITTLETON.

I love the law—if law and love
 Could in the self-same course agree;
 True law, with science soars above,
 But love, true love, is law for me.

I love the law—but can I flee
 From one whose charms I must obey?
 One look, one smile, one tear from thee,
 Volumes of law would far outweigh.

I love the law; but love is vain,
 If lighter love its rays absorb;
 As planets in their brightness wane,
 Eclipsed by some more radiant orb.

Then farewell law, and welcome love—
 Life's third I scarce have lived—yet I
 To other passions fling the glove,
 To live with love—with love to die.

OID.

Napoleon seven years a Lieutenant. On one occasion, on the parade, a young officer stepped out of the ranks, in extreme agitation, to complain that he had been ill used, slighted, and passed over, and that he had been five years a Lieutenant, without being able to obtain promotion. "Calm yourself," said the emperor, "I was seven years a Lieutenant, and yet you see that a man may push himself forward for all that." Every body laughed, and the young officer, suddenly cooled by those few words, returned to his place.—*Napoleon Anecdotes.*

FIVE OFFERS. "Wherefore dinna ye get married," said a Scotchman to an old maid. "What shall I have?" replied she. "What'll ye ha?" returned the Scotchman, "what but Jamie Jimmerson?" "Do you think," said she, "that I'll marry that old widower, when I've had five offers before, and all from ministers?" "When?" rejoined the Scotchman, "Ye're worse nor Peter, he only denied his master three times, and ye denied yours five times! Iont aye! woman, ye're worse nor an infidel!"—*Berkshire American.*

PUBLIC AUCTION.

ON FRIDAY, the tenth day of November next, at ten of the clock A. M. at the house of WILLIAM B. BARN, in Turner, by virtue of a license from the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court, the following parcels of Land, situate in said Turner, late the property of JAMES WARREN, Esq. late of Plymouth, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, deceased, will be exposed to sale, viz.:

One undivided half part of lots Nos. 94. 92. 111. 114. 153. 160. 207. 209. 233. 235. 180. 226. 269. 276. and 18. according to the Proprietors' plan of said town.

C. H. WARREN, Admr,
 with the Will annexed, on the
 estate of JAMES WARREN.

Oct. 19, 1836.

New Goods.

ASA BARTON,

AGENT,

HAS just received, on consignment, and offers for sale at very Low Prices—

Yellow, Green, Red, and White Flannels; Scotch Plaids; Caroline Plaids, at 30 cents per yard; Sattinets; Broadcloths; Bombazettes; Vestings; Cravats; Handkerchiefs; Calicoes; Dinoties; Cambrics; Muslins; Brown Cambrics, for Ladies' Bonnets; Canton Crapes, for Gowns; Crapes Dresses; Pressed Crapes; Tapes; Quality Bindings; Silk Lace; Edgings; Necklin Laces; Gimp Trimmings; Tabby Velvets; Veils; Green Gauze; Pelisse Buttons; Corals; Black Silk Handkerchiefs; Flag ditto; Valencia Shawls; Cotton Shawls; Mantles, Cheap; Raw Silk Shawls; Black Crapes; Green Crapes; Russia Diaper, &c. &c.

Also—Sheetings; Shirts; Yarns, from No. 8 to 16, good; Wickings; Sea Island Shirts; Brown Linen; Padings; Buckram; Deerskin Mittens; Gloves; Ladies' Black and White Silk Gloves; Suspenders; Worsted Hose; Sewing Silk and Twist; Buttons; Hooks & Eyes; Waist Buckles; Snaps; Clasp; Gold and Imitation Handkerchiefs; Pins; Silver and other Trimmings; Tooth Picks and Brushes; Watch Ribbons, Seals, and Keys; Garnet Beads; Snuff Boxes; Pocket Books; Wallots; Silketoes; Needle Cases; Segar Cases; Penknives, elegant and good; Jackknives; Snuffers and Trays; Steel Spectacle Cases; Cork Screws; Nutmeg Graters; Sleigh, Chaise, and Riding Whips; Table and Tea Spoons; Carving Knives and Forks; Table Steels; Trunk Handles; Looking Glasses; Blocktin Tea Pots; Hand saws; Files; Blocktin Facets; Shears; Carpenters' Rules; Chalk Lines; Brass Nails; Flat Irons; Wire; Ink Powder; Indelible Ink, for marking on linen or cotton; Castiron and Glass Inkstands, a new article and will stand both heat and frost; Glass, Earthen, and Wedgwood Inkstands; Scales; Dividers; Mathematical Instruments; Protractors; Steel Pens; Sealing Wax; Wafers; Paper Folders; Sand Boxes; Quills; Conversation Cards; India Rubber; Slate Pencils; Lead Pencils; Pencil Cases; Steel Pens; Black Ball; Shoe Brushes; Whip Trunks; Pocket Combs; Head and Hair Combs; Shell Side Combs; Camel's hair Pencils; Paints; Razors; Razor Straps, Boxes, and Brushes; Shaving and Fancy Soap; Washballs; Scissors; Scissor Chains; Needles; Knitting Pins; Shirt Buttons; Threads of all kinds; Floss; with a much larger assortment of

than he ever has had before.

Fancy Articles

—LIKEWISE—

Souchong and Young Hyson Tea, warrantable good, and cheap into the bargain; Coffee; Chocolate; Tobacco; Raisins; Allspice; Pepper; Cinnamon; Cloves; Nutmegs; Salt Petre; Blue Vitriol; Alum; Copperas; Ginger, &c.

—ALSO—

Lee's Pills; Dean's Rheumatic Pills; Opodeldoc; British Oil; Relf's Asthmatic Pills; La Grange's Ointment for the cure of the Salt Rheum; Ich Ointment; Spica Bitters; Court Plaster; Eye Water; Cough Drops; Camphor, &c.

Nov. 2.

NOTICE.

Oxford, ss.
 TAKEN on Execution and to be sold at Public Vendue, to the highest bidder therefor, at the Store of O'NEILL, W. ROBINSON, in Bethel, on Saturday the second day of December, 1836, at two of the clock in the afternoon, all the Right, Title and Interest which DAVID KIMBALL, has in and to the FARM on which he now resides, situated in Gilead, on Bachelor's Grant, by virtue of possession and improvement.

TERMS made known at time and place of sale.
 SILVANS TWITCHELL,
 Dep. Sheriff.

Bethel, Oct. 18, 1835.

NEW BOOKS.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore—The Masonic Monitor; Beauties of Masonry; Masonic Constitutions; Masonic Melodies, &c. &c. To be sold Cheap.

Also—Waverly; Red Gauntlet; The Abbott; Antiquary; Absentee; Scottish Chiefs; Rob Roy; No Fiction; Hero of No Fiction; Tales of the Manor; Vicar of Wakefield; World without Souls, &c. &c. Very Low.

Oct. 26.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Witchcraft, or the Art of Fortune-Telling unveiled, from the low ambition of the celebrated Mary Pitcher to the more elevated but equally vague pretensions of the injudicious astrologer—The Jockey Club, or a Sketch of the Manners of the Age—The Flowers of Wit—Wonders of the World—Select Poems, &c. &c.

The Observer

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